

LOVING BUBI

By Leonardo Amato

Based on the novel "L'amore in sè"

By Marco Santagata

SCREEN black:

Man (V.O.)

La vita fugge e non s'arresta un'ora,
e la morte

SUB: Life flies, and never stays an hour, and death

FADE IN:

INT. GLASS ROOM- DAWN, present

A man, beautiful for its age, well-built, but not fat, with grey hair, a sharpened face and luminous eyes, is sitting on a chair in the middle of a glass room, holding a lit cigarette, almost at the end. Wearing only a pair of underpants, he is tired, as a man who has not sleep.

MAN

(reading)

vien dietro a gran giornate,

SUB: comes on behind with its dark day,

Smokes one last time, he then switches off the cigarette in the ashtray; then he slowly puts a hand on his head, resting against the arm of a chair.

Closes his eyes.

The dark.

INT. GLASS ROOM- NIGHT, present

He opens his eyes, the room is dark, but the man is always at the center of the room with a cigarette in her hand, this time he is dressed in a jacket and tie.

He doesn't move, perhaps a little sad.

Psychedelic lights. More confusing sentences are heard.

Female voice (V.O.)

You bastard, you lie knowing of lying...

(The man smokes)

MAN (V.O.)

The last train passes at eight and thirteen.

(smokes)

SPEAKER (V.O.)

(French)

Le train entre en gare..

(smokes)

Man (V.O.)

The train is passing knowing of lying.

(Shot of smoke)

SPEAKER (V.O.)

Attention Ã la voie des Trois..

Dark. silence.

Man

E le cose presenti e le passate

Mi danno guerra e le future ancora.

SUB: and present things and past things embattle me, and future things as well:

INT. Bathroom - MORNING

The man of the previous scene is putting the tie looking at himself in the mirror.

Puts on his glasses, a pair of round ones.

He sighs.

INT. Glass Room - morning, present

The man takes a briefcase, then watch from the window.

It sees the city of Geneva, snowy but not too much. He smiles.

INT. Classroom BATIMENT CENTRAL - morning, present

A large house with small desks are arranged in a rectangle.

The chair is placed in the center of it, with a door behind. Next to it, there is a whiteboard. On the right there are two huge windows from which we can discern the trees covered in snow.

The class is formed by fifteen students. Not all young people. There are two ladies, like Miss Villette(70), that are fairly older. Others seem very young. Nobody seems interested.

MISS VILLETTE

(Clears throat,with French accent)

E le cose presenti e le passate

Mi danno guerra e le future ancora.

The lady raises the head, and we can hear the horn of a car.

MR. CANTONI

'Embattle me, not 'embattle it'. Be careful. The personal pronoun 'me' is the key to better understand also the previous verses. We understand the true meaning of that 'comes on behind', which is not a 'comes behind it, as well as the 'flies' is not a 'flies from'. Petrarch has stretched a trap.

The two ladies are looking at him and smiling.

The teacher begins to speak with a higher tone of voice.

MR. CANTONI

'Embattle me'. It is as if to say: "You thought that I wanted to talk about the world, give relief to others for the sorrows of their life, make the philosopher, the moralist.. Well..You are wrong..

(Raises his voice)

It's MY life, MY death, MY war. A life that IS death!

He stops for a second, withdraws the glasses and he puts them on the page of the *Canzoniere*.

He smiles, lifts the head and casts the glasses.

(Continued)

'My' as saying 'I'. And with this a further decisive, level of reading is added to other already seen and we understand that with poetry, that does not want us to be in a hurry. It is himself who speaks, death hangs over himself. That "I" that will become the center of his sonnets throughout the *Canzoniere*, ending up to affect the entire po-

He interrupts because of the raised hand of a student in the last row. It makes him even a little angry, like a failure.

Student #2

And Laura, professor Cantoni?

CANTONI is schocked, while the room starts to get filled with noises. Slowly every single movement is picked up by the sight of the professor. Students COUGHING, BLOWING their nose, WHISPERING between each other.

Everything suddenly returns at normal speed.

Student #2

You have taught us that Laura is everywhere. It is much more a character, or an ordinary woman, is a plant, the goddess, friend, the enemy.

The professor lowers the eyes, he seems annoyed. He is irritated, actually, he hesitates with the answer.

CANTONI

Laura? You are right, if we are talking about the *Canzoniere*. Indeed Laura is present above all when she is absent. Laura is every detail we see in any natural phenomenon or creature, dissolved in objects ...

Again someone coughs.

(Continued)

You see, Bubi is the name that Petrarch gives to desire ...

A general murmur rises in the classroom. Various giggling The girls in the first row are a little confused. Various questioning expressions.

CANTONI realizes the mistake.

(Continued)

(Gesturing with indifference)

Laura, naturally. LAURA is the name that Petrarch gives to desire. It is a Senhal, a fictitious name.

Blushes, fails to appear fluent. He is sweating and the lenses of the eyeglasses fog up. Takes off his glasses, extracts a handkerchief, starts to clean the lens steamed up.

Observes the students. Silence.

(Continued)

(In a low voice)

Laura is the name of desire.. of fear of desire ...

(Clears throat)

Petrarch, even when he is not talking about his loss, he clutters his verses of the absence of Laura. Let us move on to the sonnet. What we are reading, it is a love sonnet?

Student #2

No.

PROF. Cantons

(Smiles)

I think that it is also a sonnet of love. For now I would ask you to wait until the end of the explanation, I hope to be able to demonstrate that Laura... Laura is a ghost who wanders between these verses ...

Cantoni looks out the window, where it is still snowing.

The snow continues to fall.

EST. SEASIDE - afternoon, 1963

Five guys, FABIO(17), FRANCESCO(16), PIER PAOLO(18), Stefania(15), Floriana(15), are playing CARDS on the beach.

It is a cloudy day. They all speak Italian.

STEFANIA

Pier Paolo, se sei con me, carica!

PIER PAOLO

E chi me lo dice che tu non stai con Floriana?!

STEFANIA

Perché prima ho preso con la briscola!

FABIO

(in italian)

Ha ragione, se sei con noi carichi..

PIER PAOLO is confused, looks around nervous, sees arrive a Lancia Fulvia red in front of the "lido".

PIER PAOLO

Ragazzi c'è Bubi!

SUB: Bubi is here!

STEFANIA

(turning her head)

BUBI!

STEFANIA leaves the cards on the towel and runs to greet her, with hugs and kisses. FABIO stumbles, while it remains stationary motionless, while Francesco looks at him, chuckling.

BUBI(15) has white skin, she is slender, skinny. A rare, sophisticated and elegant beauty, with her pale blond smooth hair drops from the machine, wearing a couple of white shorts tight-fitting and a pink shirt, also narrow fitting. As it gradually descends from the old car the sky clears, becoming sunny .

COMMANDER(50), his father, laughs and greets the kids who help them with the baggage.

FABIO opens his mouth and Francesco inserts a finger in it. FRANCESCO laughs when FABIO gets angry.

FRANCESCO

(Whisperingly, upset)

Ti piace? She is American you know..

FABIO looks at him, telling him to shut up.

STEFANIA

This is my cousin-

FABIO is ready to occur.

FABIO

(Trembling)

Hello, I am Fabio!

BUBI

Roberta, but you can call me Bubi.

(Left Hand)

FABIO

How is San Francisco?

BUBI

Oh lovely!

FABIO smiles, BUBI too.

STEFANIA

(Taking her by the hand)

Seaside time!

BUBI

O..ok!

FABIO makes the sign of the cross.

"*Abbronzatissima*" is playing on juke-box, BUBI is emerging from the water, showing her long legs. Shakes her hair. Then she goes to lie down under the sun, next to Stefania.

FABIO observes the scene sitting on the sand. FRANCESCO arrives next to him.

FRANCESCO

(Taking a chair)

She is nice.

(Indicating Bubi)

FABIO

Mh..

FRANCESCO

Why don't you tell her that you like her?

FABIO

Are you insane?!

FRANCESCO

(Chuckling)

Maybe I am..If loves makes me insane.. Oh Bubi..I love you..

FRANCESCO teases him up.

FABIO rises, directed toward the juke-box.

FABIO inserts select the disk of Elvis Presley, choosing the song "*Love Me Tender*".

FABIO is going out to meet BUBI. He moves slowly, going toward her, to the rhythm of music.

But MICHELE (18) approaches BUBI, before him, sitting on her towel.

MICHELE

I am Michele.

BUBI

(Returning)

Roberta, Bubi.

MICHELE

What a lovely name..

BUBI blushes and smiles, while FABIO remains still, while the song proceeds. Takes a look at Francis, which shakes his head with bitterness.

EST. HOME GATE- day, 1963

FABIO is parking the Vespa.

BUBI (O.S.)

Nice fireball!

FABIO jolts.

FABIO

OH! Hello!

BUBI

Did I scare you?

FABIO

No.. you surprised me.

BUBI

And what is the difference?

FABIO

Fear is almost never pleasant.

BUBI smiles, blushes.

BUBI

(Indicating the Vespa)

Can I ride it?

FABIO

Do you have a helmet?

BUBI

No.

They look at each other with a smile. We see the two traveling on a Vespa for the country roads of Tuscany, although she is without helmet.

EST. BUBI'S HOUSE- NIGHT, 1963

'60 Music comes from inside. FABIO knocks at the door. Opens a Lady, Mother of Bubi, Oriana (45).

ORIANA

(Smiling)

Are you here for the party?

FABIO

Yes..I am a friend of Bub-

BUBI has meanwhile dropped the great staircase of his house.

BUBI

Fabio! Come on, we are waiting for you!

BUBI pulls him guiding him upstairs.

INT. Ballroom - NIGHT, 1963

In one big room without furniture with bottles of Coca Cola, orangeade, fifteen adolescents dance on the notes of "Baby" by The Ronnettes.

BUBI takes Fabio on the dance floor and he tries gently to tighten her to himself. Just for a second, their bodies are touching, under the eyes of

Michele. Their heads are rested, with her mouth on his cheek. BUBI retracts. He remains motionless, she looks down to her feet.

FABIO

Is everything okay?

BUBI

(Smiles)

Yes. I'm going to get something to drink.

BUBI turns and leave. FABIO remains still watvhing while she leaves.

EST. CHESTNUT - evening, 1963

Under the old chestnut, BUBI and Fabio are resting, looking at the sky. BUBI smiles, expecting a surprise. There is a lot of wind. She gets up, sitting.

BUBI

Well? What is so surprising below?

FABIO looks around, he scratches the nape of the neck. He sit down, too.

BUBI

Then?

FABIO

(Clumsily)

The Chestnut Tree..

BUBI

The chestnut tree?!

FABIO

Everyone says that I am like this chestnut.

BUBI

(Smiles)

Hard?

FABIO

Yes. No. Mad. I am mad as a chestnut tree.

BUBI

And are you?

FABIO

(With firm voice and decision)

If love makes people mad, yes.

BUBI laughs, lowering her head. Then the two look in each other eyes.

(Continues,whisperingly)

And I do love you.

The breeze makes Bubi's hair flutter, while she approaches to Fabio. BUBI closes her eyes, and so FABIO does. She gives him a sweet kiss, a little clumsy and embarrassed. The wind spreads seeds on their hair, that slowly become golden.

EST. Park - NIGHT, 1963

A lamppost illuminate the road in the dark, not seen none for the road. FABIO travels on the Vespa, with a huge jacket on him. It's cold.

From the fog he sees BUBI, wrapped in a white fur. She looks strange, suspicious. She sees Fabio, she goes to meet him, without any smile. She kisses him. Without saying a word, she then sit on a bench.

FABIO

You are beautiful.

BUBI

(Lowers the gaze)

Thanks.

FABIO

I love you.

BUBI

Me too.

Then she kisses him. Sitting in the darkness they slowly cling to each other. FABIO touches her gently, BUBI continues to kiss him, harder, panting. Bubi's body stiffens. She pulls on his lips with violent movements, nervous breakdown. FABIO penetrates with the hands under the jacket of fur, then under the sweatshirt comes to touch the bare back. BUBI retracts immediately, ending the kiss. She sits on the bench, without looking at him in the face. BUBI is weeping.

BUBI

I must go. It is late-

FABIO

Bubi..

BUBI

This should not happen again.

FABIO

What?

BUBI

This.

FABIO

Are you leaving me?

BUBI

No.

BUBI looks at him with shiny eyes. Then turns her head and runs in the fog. She runs away without a greeting.

INT. BUBI'S ROOM - NIGHT, 1963

A huge four-poster double bed is located under the gold-framed window, while a huge library expands across the wall facing the bed. FABIO is under the blankets, a bare chest, with only a couple of underpants on. BUBI enters from the door. She sees FABIO with closed eyes, she sits on the bed and takes away her garment, leaving her back uncovered. FABIO sees her, pretending to sleep. BUBI enters a dressing gown and slips under the covers.

BUBI

(Shaking)

Fabio?

FABIO

Mm?

BUBI

Do you love me?

FABIO

(Opens eyes and looks at her)

I love you.

BUBI

(Smiles)

Well.

BUBI grips him to herself and she kisses him, with violence. She bites him, Fabio retracts, suffering. The lip is dripping blood. They look for a few seconds, then she starts to kiss him again.

"LOVE ME TENDER"

- Fabio expects Bubi, as always in front of her door, but she does not arrive.
- Fabio seats on a chair, attached to the fixed telephone.
- Fabio is waiting Bubi on the beach.
- Fabio is at dinner with parents and grandparents, who laugh hard, while he does not touch food.
- Fabio is seated on a armchair, wearing an elegant dress, attached to the fixed telephone, while his relatives are celebrating in the background, with champagne.
- Fabio is waiting for Bubi, at the end of the hallway at school. |
TIMELAPSE| people go back and forth, while Fabio expects, immobile.
- Fabio is sitting at the desk, nobody is in class, bursts into tears.

EST. FABIO'S HOUSE- afternoon, 1963

It is raining, Fabio is returning home, on his Vespa. BUBI is sitting on the stairs, wet, in a pink dress, which stands out in the darkness of the road. FABIO stops the Vespa and he leaves it there. Then removes the helmet and runs to meet BUBI.

BUBI has the eyeglass, cracked lips and long hair of a blond off, wet from rain. FABIO stops in front of her and BUBI lifts her eyes. They look at each other for a few moments. FABIO smiles, while BUBI looks at him with sadness.

Both of them are getting wet, under the rain.

BUBI

I have to talk to you. Meet me at four

FABIO

At your home?

BUBI slaps him.

BUBI

Are you insane?

FABIO

(With shiny eyes, his voice broken)

Sorry. Where?

BUBI

At the Bar next to the Duomo.

BUBI passes over without looking at him, crosses the road and disappears behind the corner.

INT. BAR DUOMO - afternoon, 1963

The bar has a view on the Cathedral. Outside is still raining very sore. FABIO is sitting at a table inside the bar. Playing with the keys of the Vespa, while watching outside.

BUBI enters the bar, closes her pink umbrella and searches for him. She is wearing the white fur. She sees him, she makes him a nod, without smiling.

She makes her way among the tables and reaches him.

BUBI

How long have you been waiting?

FABIO

(Smiles)

Not much, actually I thought I would be late. You know-

BUBI

I'm sorry, my grandmother did not want me to go out.

FABIO

Your grandmother?

BUBI smiles with bitterness. In the meantime the waiter arrives.

Waiter

(In Italian)

Volete ordinare?

BUBI

(in Italian)

Due té per piacere.

Waiter

Subito.

The waiter goes to the kitchen, BUBI takes off her coat and shows her pink dress, that stands out in the dullness of bar.

FABIO

How are you?

BUBI

Now..I'm fine.

You have done well. I appreciate that very much.

FABIO

Stefania told me that you had come back to America.

BUBI

No.

FABIO

And where have you been?

BUBI

Not very far from here.

FABIO

Where?

BUBI

In a nearby city.

FABIO

Please Bubi..Tell me about it.

BUBI remains in silence for a bit. Lowers her head, tries to repress the tears.

BUBI

I was in a clinic.

FABIO

In a clinic?

BUBI

In a clinic.

FABIO

What for?

BUBI

An intervention.

FABIO hesitates, search his gaze, but BUBI watch everywhere except in front of him.

FABIO

It is something serious?

BUBI

No.

FABIO expects BUBI say something else. But the girl is silent.

FABIO

Do you have to come back?

BUBI

No. Everything is solved.

FABIO

Why didn't you say anything to me? If there is anyone in the world which you might tell everything, it's me.. you know.. You can trust-

BUBI

(With anger, eyes bulging of tears)

I COULDN'T..I didn't want to.

FABIO

Why?

BUBI doesn't answer, looks out of the window. Meanwhile the waiter brings the tea.

Waiter

Ecco il tè.

BUBI

Grazie.

BUBI finally looks at Fabio in his eyes.

FABIO

(With a broken voice)

BUBI, answer to me! What kind of intervention was it? Eh? Tell me Bubi,
what did you do in that damn clini-

BUBI

(Subheading)

An abortion.

FABIO

Whay?

BUBI

An abortion.

Suddenly the bar becomes empty. There are just the two of them.

A tear lines BUBI's face in the same way in which the rain rows the stained-glass window of the bar. Silence reigns. BUBI, trembling, leads the cup of tea to the mouth. FABIO is still staring out.

FABIO

When will you return to school?

BUBI

Never.

FABIO

Why?

BUBI

I'm moving out. I am leaving. This is the reason I wanted to see you. To say goodbye.

FABIO

(With a broken voice)

And where are you going next?

BUBI

In college.

FABIO

Where?

BUBI

In Switzerland.

FABIO

Where in Switzerland?

BUBI

In Geneva.

INT. University Lecture Hall - day, present

From the window we see the city of Geneva. Students are writing, while FABIO CANTONI is sitting on the chair.

CANTONI

Now, after two hours, I can answer the question of the lady. Excuse me if I have abused of your patience.

The student smiles.

INT. FABIO'S ROOM- afternoon, 1964

A young FABIO has grown a lot. He is studying. He is reading a sonnet by Petrarch. Browses the *Canzoniere*. He looks tired.

PROF. Cantons (V.O.)

Laura is not present in the sonnet..and not because she is dead. She is Not Intact. Just the eyes survive, and even those aren't intact. They do not shine, they are sad and extinguished. What remains of Laura is a ghost, ..a disintegrated love..from her disappearance. The desire, instead, was entirely sucked by depression.

Closes his eyes.

EST. BUBI'S ROOM- Day, 1963

Suddenly finds himself in Bubi's bed. We are watching, while he slowly opens his eyes. We only see BUBI, from Fabio's point of view.

BUBI

(Smiling)

Hello.

FABIO

Hello.

BUBI

You should leave. My parents are about to come back.

FABIO

Ok.

CANTONI (V.O.)

Love, on the other hand, albeit decomposed, continues to survive. It is teenage love, the blind, ephemeral, love of appearance. It is the love of an old man. A love that has no longer even the memory.

FABIO gets up and walks toward the mirror.

PROF. Cantoni (V.O.)

"Tornami avanti, s'alcun dolce mai ebbe 'l cor tristo" This verse does not come out from the memory, but by the desire to remember, (beat) by the desire of love itself.

But what Fabio sees in the mirror is not himself. He sees another completely different man. He screams.

INT. PLACE DE L'universite' - day, present

The square is surrounded by snow, albeit completely dissolved. There is more wind. FABIO lights a cigarette. Drops the steps of the staircase, while smoking a cigarette. A young girl with long blond hair walks on the footstep in front of him on the other side of the street. At each step the hair fluctuate rhythmically to right and left. The girl turns, to traverse. She is identical to BUBI. FABIO stares at her upset, while she continues to step shipped. He looks at her going away in the fog of Geneva. He looks at her and he smiles. The girl turns the corner and finally disappears.

Fade Out.

Order.